

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 590.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1833.

[Price 2d.



GWYDIR HOUSE, CAERNARVONSHIRE.

PENNANT derives the name of Gwydir from *gwaed-dur* (the bloody hand), in allusion to a battle fought here by Llywarch Hen, about the year 610. This ancient mansion was built in 1556, by John Wynne-ap-Merdydd. It was an extensive pile, in the quadrangular form, comprising an outer and inner court. What is left of the original structure exhibits, in some degree, a portion of the splendour of its former possessors. "The estate continued in the family of the Wynnes till about the year 1678, when it passed to that of Lancaster, by the marriage of Mary, the heiress of Sir Richard Wynne, to the Marquis of Lyndsey, and was afterwards possessed by Sir Peter Burrell, in right of his wife the Baroness of Willoughby, eldest sister of the late Duke of Lancaster, in which family it has since remained."

"The former residence of the Wynnes has witnessed several distinguished persons of that ancient family. Sir John, the founder, was a man of great abilities; he went early to London, where studying the law, he distinguished himself, and soon rose to eminence; his consequence in the profession attracted the notice of the court, of which he became a favourite and follower. He was an eccentric genius, haughty in his views and austere

\* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. i. 1817.

in his measures, as will appear by the injunctions for the regulation of one part of the establishment of his household contained in a formula, called Sir John Wynne of Gwydir's instructions to his chaplain John Price, how to govern himself in his service.

"First.—You shall have the chamber I shewed you in my gate, private to yourself with lock and key, and all necessaries. In the morning, I expect you should rise and say prayers in my hall to my household below, before they go to work, and when come in at nyg'; that you call before you all the workmen especially the yowth, and take accompt of them of their belief, and of what sir Meredyth taught them. I beg you to continue for the more part in the lower house, you are to have onytle what is done there, that you may inform me of any disorder there. There is a baylyf of husbandry, and a porter, who will be commanded by you.

"The mornings after you be up, and have said prayers as afore, I would you to bestow in study or any commendable exercise of your body.

"Before dinner you are to com up and attend grace or prayers if there be any publicke, and to set up, if there be not greater strangers, above the chyldren who you are to teach in your own chamber.

"When the table from half downwards is taken up, then you are to rise and to walk in the alleys near at hand until grace time, and to come in then for that purpose. After dinner if I be busy, you may go to bowles, shuffel bord, or any other honest decent recreation, until I go abroad. If you see me void of business and go to ride abroad, you shall command a gelding to be made ready by the grooms of the stable, and to go with me. If I go to bowles, or shuffel bord, I shall lyke of your company if the place be not made up with strangers. I wold have you go every Sunday in the year to some church hereabouts to preach, giving warynge to the parish to bring the yowthes at afternoon to the church to be catekyed, in which point is my greatest care you should be painful and diligent.

"Avoid the alehouse to syt, and keepe drunkards company, ther being the greatest discredit your function can have."

The neighbourhood of Gwydir House possesses considerable picturesque beauty. Immediately beyond the mansion the ground rises very rapidly to the foot of the cliffs, forming the westward boundary of the valley, all which space is occupied by luxuriant wood. Half-way up the rocks is an irregular plain of about five acres, containing the remains of an ancient house, consisting of a magnificent terrace and a chapel.

The town of Llanwrst, which adjoins the Gwydir estate, is situated on the banks of the Conwy, just within the Denbighshire border; the streets are narrow and the houses generally ill built: the high road to Holyhead passes through this town, which contains nothing very remarkable, if you except its beautiful bridge, built by Inigo Jones."

### Select Biography.

#### THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

(Abridged from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.)

The life of the son of Napoleon, since he fell into Austrian hands when an infant, has been a perfect mystery: the people were scarcely kept in more complete ignorance of the daily life of the man with the Iron Mask: his death was almost the first certain news of his continued existence. Now that there is no motive for farther concealment, we are let into all the details of his short career, down even to the most trivial actions of hourly existence; not without some reservation certainly, produced by a perpetual consciousness of the position of the writer—a dependant of the Court of Vienna—but still with a sufficient abundance of particulars, flowing from the mouths of his friends, tutors, and household, to satisfy us altogether as to the character and disposition of a remarkable and most interesting personage.

Many unworthy suspicions have been entertained of the Court of Austria respecting the treatment of this young man; these suspicions will at once vanish before the perusal of M. de Montbel's *Life of the Young Napoleon*, while the truth of the intentions of the Emperor, or at least of his minister, will appear with tolerable plainness. It was resolved, first, that the young King of Rome should be made a German Prince;—next, that as every man who has passions and talents must have a pursuit, it was deemed safest, and perhaps most beneficial, that he should be indulged in his enthusiasm for the military profession.

The youth was in a moral prison, and his soul pined. It was deemed necessary that he should be cut off from all communication with the agitators and adventurers of France. To effect this object, he was kept in utter solitude; surrounded certainly by attendants and instructors, but still, in a social sense, buried in utter solitude. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase; but for all that the soul or the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner. This might be practicable to some extent with an Austrian archduke; but with a child in whose veins the quick blood of the Corsican Conqueror flowed, it was a species of lingering moral torture. To outward appearance, he was like Rasselas in the Happy Valley; but, like him, he was wearying for all that was beyond the range of the mountains that separated him from his fellow-men; in the one case, these mountains were physical obstacles; in the other moral ones. The spirit chafed against the prison bars: the victim, bruised and care-worn, refused its food, lost its substance, grew emaciated, and died. The mind all the while was developed, and grew apace, while the body became debilitated, nay, aged: the truth being, that intellectual food may always be found in prison, but moral and social isolation prey upon the physical state; the creature grows up a sallow weed, with the suspicions and distrust of long experience, and the reflection and calm profundity of thought peculiar to unclouded age. After his death, young Napoleon presented in his body the same anomaly he had done in his lifetime: his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy stretched into unnatural length, while his vital organs bore the scirrhouous and flaccid appearance of extreme old age: there was no part healthy or natural but the brain, which was wonderfully fine, with the exception, that it was more compact, and of firmer substance than is usually found. So it was in life. This boy had all the enthusiasm and passion of youth in extreme force, alternating with a distrust, a caution, and a rapidity in fathoming

ing the character and appreciating the talents of the persons with whom he was necessarily brought into contact, which are the usual qualities of age. His intellect chiefly exhibited itself in mastering the history of his father in all its voluminousness, in the soundness and acuteness of his criticism on the several authors he had read, and in the facility with which he acquired the theory of war, and all the studies which conduce to it. He seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere eunuch of the palace, and from the earliest age he took the deepest interest in every thing that partook of military movement. It was not, however, thought safe to intrust him abroad till he was nearly grown up; he felt that his entrance into a regiment was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the practical duties of a soldier and a chief officer with an ardour which quickly devoured the pigmy body that had been frittered away and shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. The word *pigmy* must, however, be taken in the sense of feeble: in its sense of diminutive, it is wholly inapplicable; for the young Napoleon, in that respect, taking rather after the Austrian than the Corsican race, had shot up in his sunless nursery to the height of the tallest man. No story was ever replete with more painful interest than the account of the obstinate struggle which this unhappy youth kept up against physical decay; he never complained, never even would admit that he was ill; finding his voice fail him in manoeuvring his corps, he would, after the exertion of a review, go and hide his weakness, fainting and sinking upon some secret sofa. He was terrified, poor fellow; lest he should be, on the very threshold of the world, driven back into his solitary splendour. At length, however, on the representation of a physician, whom he never would consult, he was sent to Schöbrunn, where he died. He had, however, nearly rallied, and if the disease had not advanced to the extent of producing severe organic change, would perhaps have recovered by a proposed tour to Naples, and other parts of Italy. The effect on the mind of the moral prisoner was electric, and to his dying hour, this journey was his chief hope and prospect in the world.

Before the little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, of course no regular attempt had been made to educate him; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a pregnant existence as his, were left without numerous and deep impressions. His was far from a communicative disposition, and consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. They sank in the mind of the forlorn boy, and if ever they were permitted to see the light, it

was in some little moment of excitement. One day, when he was playing with the imperial family, one of the archdukes showed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honour of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism: his bust was upon it. He was asked, do you know who this represents? "C'est moi," answered he, without hesitation, "quand j'étais Roi de Rome." Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor, M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. Other impressions were not less deep; he had a love of truth which made him utterly intolerant even of fable, and probably contributed to his subsequent distaste for poetry. The word *swat* he used to pronounce, when a perfect child, with a solemnity and a movement of the hand, which showed that it had to him all the sacred character of an asseveration. And yet, child as he was, he had that force of character, or rather that sensitiveness mixed with vigour, that, on being ridiculed unintentionally for its use, he never again repeated the word.

The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance: not one word of German would he pronounce, and even resisted the endeavours to teach him as an insult and an injury; for his age he kept up this resolution a long time; when it was conquered by the mildness and persuasion of his teachers, he learned the language with a prodigious facility, and soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves. Not only the rapidity with which he acquired this difficult tongue, but even his mistakes and misconceptions indicated a superior logical faculty, for they were generally founded on fancied analogies, and little etymological observations. M. Foresti, whose duty it was to teach him to read, found the difficulty insurmountable, until he introduced a rival and a fellow-pupil.

One of the youth's governors was a M. Collin, a poet and dramatist of Vienna of some celebrity. This gentleman could not help feeling that the young Napoleon's abhorrence of fiction was a sort of censure on his profession, and it is not to be wondered at that he endeavoured to dress up fiction in the garb likely to be most agreeable to the taste of the imperial pupil. In resorting to Robinson Crusoe for aid, may be perceived a tacit compliment to the youth's acuteness, for, assuredly, no other fiction was ever more like truth.

"The poetical genius of Collin," says M. Foresti, "appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be true in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which

overlook Schönbrunn, on the right of the elegant arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, may be found a spot, altogether shut out from a view of Vienna, by deep thickets, and an impervious mass of wood; a spot, from which nothing can be viewed save the cheerful but solitary aspect of mountain tops, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of the summits of the Schneeberg. Here there is a hut constructed after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, whence it is called the Tyrol's House. In this rustic abode and its neighbourhood nothing there is to remind the spectator of the vicinity of the capital. To this wild and quiet spot Collin would often bring the young Duke. He there told him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child warmed to the tale. Solitude and silence completed the illusion: he fancied himself in a desert, and Collin suggested that he should set himself to fabricate the utensils that would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence in a similar spot. He acquitted himself of the task with much hardiness. A collection has been made of these things: they are placed in the pavilion, which still goes by the name of the House of the Duke de Reichstadt. The governor and his pupil, by uniting their efforts and their industry, succeeded in scooping out a cavern resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his desert island."

Such is the immortality of genius. The creation of Defoe, the persecuted and unhappy, imagined in some garret, whether in Bristol or Whitechapel, becomes the factitious stimulus of a Prince's education; and that Prince the son of a banished ruler of France, far greater than the Grand Monarque, who in Defoe's day, seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly grandeur.

During the first period of the young Napoleon's instruction at Schönbrunn, his tutors were sadly perplexed by his extreme curiosity respecting his father, as to what had become of him, the causes of his fall, &c.: evasive answers did not satisfy him.

"It was," says M. Foresti, "for us a species of torture. Happily the Emperor came at length; we hastened to inform him of the perpetual questions that were put to us, and to request his instructions on this point. The Emperor answered:—'Truth should be the basis of the education of the Prince; answer all his questions freely; it is the best, indeed the only mode of calming his imagination, and of inspiring him with confidence, which will be necessary for you, who have to guide him.'

"At first, he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas

perfectly surprising. Finding that we were authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the Emperor had foreseen came to pass. After a few days, he seemed satiated with this conversation, and thenceforward became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connexion with it. Later in life, we saw that he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never on any occasion alluded.

"The news of his father's death was brought to Vienna by one of the couriers of M.M. de Rothschild. At this moment the Comte de Dietrichstein (the superior governor) was absent from Vienna, and the Emperor charged me to communicate to the young Prince the melancholy intelligence. He was then just turned ten years of age. It was the 22nd of July, at Schönbrunn: in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sadness endured for several days. 'M. de Foresti,' said he to me, one day, 'my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.'

Every pains were taken with the Duke's education. The dead languages he was taught by M. Collin, and afterwards, when Collin died, by M. Obenau, who had been classical preceptor to half the imperial family. To these instructions, however, he inclined but an indifferent ear, and, of all his Latin books, took heartily only to Cæsar's *Commentaries*. His military studies took the alternate days with his classical ones, and to them he gave himself up with all possible ardour. By way of a check upon the apathy of private instructions, the Emperor directed that from time to time a commission should proceed to inquire into the Prince's progress. These investigations were sedulously made, and greatly contributed to excite his attention and stimulate his ambition.

Among the voluminous papers written in Italian by the Prince, M. Foresti showed M. de Montbel a sketch of the life of Prince Schwarzenberg, in which there were various passages respecting Napoleon: they were written in a calm and candid tone. From the time that he attained his fifteenth year he had access to every book, without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French Revolution. He read them with avidity, and is said to have been a more perfect master of every thing that has been written on these subjects than any of the persons about him. His collections in French on history, chronology, and travels, are said

to be immense. His military enthusiasm showed itself in the ardour with which he pursued every thing which had any connexion with the accomplishments necessary to the soldier. "I wish him to have the education of a superior officer," said the emperor; but this was only seconding the taste he had demonstrated from his earliest years. At the age of seven, he was indulged with the uniform of a private;—after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he received the marks of the grade of sergeant, and his delight knew no bounds. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. In his rank of private soldier, he used to stand sentinel at the door of the apartments of the Emperor. Whenever a member of the Court passed—if a man—he used to present arms with the utmost gravity; but never if a woman. Some one rallied him on the subject: his answer was much more French than German:—"I am ready," he answered, with much liveliness, "to present to the ladies—every thing but my arms." His respect for every thing military was remarkable. One day, when admitted to dine in company with the Emperor on a public day, he retreated from the place he usually occupied next to the Archdukes, and attempted to sit at the lower end of the table: when asked the reason, "I see generals here," said he; "they ought to precede me." The Empress one day at a *fête* wished him to sit among the ladies. He declined, saying, with the utmost gravity, "my place is among men." It was remarked by the people about him that he never was a child: he had scarcely ever associated with children and had adopted the reflective manners of those about him. Without being any thing extraordinary as a child, his intelligence was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious; he expressed himself with precision and exactness, and with great elegance of phrase. He was a perfect master of the theory of the French and German languages, and wrote them with remarkable purity.

(To be concluded in our next.) 102

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### IMPROVED MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*.)

CONSIDERING, indeed, the many important purposes to which paper is applied, its extraordinary cheapness, and the fact that without it the invention of printing would have been unknown, or of comparatively little value, it may be classed amongst the most useful of all the products to which human ingenuity has given birth. The interest attached to its manufacture is greatly increased from the knowledge that it is formed of the

most worthless materials. The inventor of the process for converting rags into paper, conferred an incomparably greater benefit on society, than if he had realized the fable of Midas, and transmuted them into gold. It was also particularly deserving of attention, from the circumstance of very great improvements having been recently made in the manufacture.

About the year 1800, Mr. Didot imported from France the model of a machine for the manufacture of paper, which was improved by the mechanical skill of English artists, and brought into an effective state about 1808. This machine, by superseding hand labour in the convolution of pulp into paper, has been very generally adopted, and has materially promoted that extension of the manufacture which has recently taken place. Mr. Dickinson of Hertfordshire, one of the most ingenious and inventive of our practical mechanists, has constructed another machine which performs the same operation by a different method; converting a stream of fluid pulp into a web of dry paper, completely finished and ready for the press, within a distance of about twenty-seven feet, and in about *three minutes*' time! The machinery by which this all but miraculous result is effected, is so ingeniously contrived and admirably adjusted that the continuous sheet of paper, which in its first stage appears like a wet cobweb, hardly capable of cohesion, is drawn forward over various rollers, from one stage of the process to another, at the rate of thirty feet per minute. We are not aware that much difference has taken place for a long period in the machinery for converting rags into pulp; but the present process, which is different from the original method of beating out the rags, has this drawback on its economy and despatch, that it breaks the fibre and renders the paper less tenacious and durable.

The introduction of the process of bleaching by chlorine, has, we understand, added largely to the supply of materials for paper-making; for, not only the waste of our cotton factories, but even the worn-out bags in which the cotton is imported, are now made to serve the same purposes as linen rags; so that neither the loss of the continental rags, for which the Americans outbid us, nor the daily increasing consumption of paper, have occasioned any increase of its price. Indeed it is not only of far superior quality, but fifty per cent cheaper than it was twenty-five years since.

Mr. Dickinson has very recently made an important improvement in the paper manufacture on the principle of veneering in cabinet-work. He makes two webs of paper, each by a separate process; but by laying them together while in an early stage, they are rendered inseparable by the pressure to

which they are subjected. This paper is used in copperplate printing; and by adopting a peculiar method of preparing the pulp, and selecting a finer rag for the web which forms the face of the paper, it is much better calculated for taking a fine impression. This admirable invention has put a total stop to the importation of French paper, which was formerly used in considerable quantities by copperplate printers.

## Retrospective Gleanings

### PARLIAMENTS.

**Duration.**—Parliaments began under the Saxon government. The first regular one was in King John's reign, 1204; the epoch of the House of Commons, January 23, 1263. In the year 1413, members were obliged to reside in the place they represented. Francis Russel, son of the Earl of Bedford, was the first peer's son who sat in the House of Commons.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there were nine parliaments—the average of which did not exceed one year and eight months; the longest being five years, five months, and one day; and the shortest, one month and two days.

During the reign of Edward VI. there were only two parliaments; one of which lasted four years, five months, and eleven days; the other only one month.

In the reign of Mary there were five parliaments, averaging little more than three months each.

In the reign of Elizabeth there were ten parliaments, each of which extended, upon an average, to little more than a year and a half; the longest being seven years, ten months, and ten days; the shortest, one month and twenty-five days.

James I. called only four parliaments.

Charles I. had five parliaments.

Charles II. had four parliaments; one of which extended to the length of *sixteen years, eight months, and sixteen days*; the others were of course very short—one indeed lasted only seven days.

James II. had authority over two parliaments only.

William III. had five parliaments.

Queen Anne had five parliaments, not one of which lasted three years.

George I., during whose reign the Septennial Act was passed, (1716), had only two parliaments.

Since the year 1509, only four parliaments have existed beyond seven years, and only eight have had a septennial duration.

Parliamentary grants to the king were formerly in kind, 30,000 sacks of wheat being in the grant, 1340.

**Speakers.**—In 1377, Sir Peter de la More,

knight of the shire for Hereford, was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. He is the first on record who bore that office.

**Speaker drummed out.**—On the 31st of May, 1610, the lord mayor, with the citizens in the liveries of their several companies, went to Putney, in their way to Richmond, and waited upon Prince Henry, coming down to Whitehall; the Duke of Brunswick, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Pembroke, and Earl of Marne, in the barge with him. At nine o'clock in the morning they went. The drums and fifes were so loud, and the company so small, as Mr. Speaker thought not fit, after nine o'clock, to proceed in any business, but to arise and depart.—P. T. W.

### SAXON RELICS—THE WHITE HORSE.

(Concluded from page 72.)

THE primitive simplicity of this trophy is referred by Dr. Wise to the never-failing genius of King Alfred; and the argument of the zealous antiquarian, is grounded upon the situation of Alfred's affairs, which "would not permit him to spend much time, nor his circumstances much cost," in raising a memorial of his victory. To chronicle the triumphs of war, on monumental trophies, is, we know, one of the earliest labours of glorious peace; but Alfred had few opportunities: "his troops, though victorious, were harassed, and diminished by continual duty; nor did the country afford, to any man's thinking, materials proper for a work of this kind. Though he had not, therefore, the opportunity of raising, like other conquerors, a stupendous monument of brass or marble, yet he has shown an admirable contrivance in erecting one, magnificent enough, though simple in its design, executed too with little labour and no expense, that may hereafter vie with the pyramids for duration, and perhaps exist when those shall be no more." The choice of the figure of a horse for this emblem of victory needs little explanation; "for," observes Dr. Wise, "no one can be ignorant, that the horse was the standard which the Saxons used, both before and after their coming hither. This is so well known and allowed, that the very names of the two first Saxon leaders are supposed by Bishop Nicholson, not to be proper, but typical, or emblematical only; and, that as the Emperor of Germany is sometimes styled the eagle, and the King of France the lily, from the arms they bear; so these were styled horses from their banner;" as in the Saxon names Hengst and Horsa. Antiquity would likewise warrant this choice, a White Horse being no improper emblem of victory and triumph, as we read in Ovid\* and elsewhere.

The posture of the horse is not rampant or

\* Ovid de Art. Amor. lib. i.

prancing, as represented by antiquarians in the arms of Savoy, whose princes are descended from those of Saxony; but current or galloping, as described in the arms of the House of Brunswick to this day. Dr. Wise says, "if any disputes should arise among heralds about these different bearings of the horse; as likewise whether he ought to be current for the dexter part or sinister, which I believe is a point not entirely settled: I think, till some other more ancient record shall be produced, they may be fairly determined from this authentic one, of eight hundred and sixty-seven years standing."

The origin of the Saxons bearing the White Horse is variously sought to be established. A legendary tale of the year 785, attributed to it "the white colt," being an emblem of the brightness of Christianity. This we need scarcely add, is a popular error. Besides, the veneration for White Horses amongst the Germans, seems to have had a much higher origin, even among the oldest pagan idolaters: Tacitus telling us that it was the custom of this people, to note carefully the presages of certain *White Horses*, kept for that purpose in their sacred groves free from any sort of labour, except when harnessed to the sacred chariot: at which time it was usual for the priest, and king, or chief man of the city, to accompany it and observe their neighings; and this with them is esteemed the most credible kind of augury; for they imagine that these horses know themselves to be the servants of the gods. "This, it is likely, was an ancient superstition derived from the eastern Asiaticks; and perhaps may afford one more argument for the Germans being a Colony of the Persians; for we read that Cyrus had in his army, when he marched towards Babylon, 'certain White Horses, which the Persians accounted sacred.' This custom continued with the Germans long after the times of Tacitus, and of Witichind too. For the inhabitants of the Isle of Rugen, who speak the dialect of lower Saxony, and who were latest converted to Christianity, had a White Horse attending upon their idol *Zantwit* or *Swant*, which was under the management of the Priest, and from whence they likewise took presages, agreeably to the above mentioned account of Tacitus. The reason for depicting the White Horse in their banners was idolatrous likewise, and owing at first to the great confidence which they put in these presages, and so was continued perhaps with other pagan customs, without inquiring into the reason of it, after the times of Christianity. In like manner the pagan Danes had their presaging Raven borne in their banner, which was taken from them at the battle of Kenwith, in Devonshire, A. D. 878. The Christians, on the other hand, who put their whole trust in the cross, and image of their Saviour, bore those

likewise as their banners: witness Augustine's procession, when he went to meet King Ethelbert."\*

Leland, Camden, and Aubrey, take but passing notice of the White Horse, as does the author of a Tour through England, published in 1738; "though they," Dr. Wise observes, "leave us much in the dark about the antiquity and design of it, with the curiosity, but at the same time with the haste, of travellers." Dr. Wise expected better things of Camden, who might surely have inquired into the origin of the ceremony of *scouring the horse*, "which from time immemorial has been solemnized by a numerous concourse of people from all the villages round about." The Doctor is not, however, surprised at the custom being lost in the mazes of antiquity, though the festival was of a more general nature than wakes, or feasts of the dedication of churches, which are traced to be the origin of fairs: now, the latter are confined to single parishes, whereas, though the horse stands in the parish of Uffington, yet other towns claim, by ancient custom, a share of the duty upon this occasion; which distinction should render the White Horse Festival more important and memorable.

With the next relic the general reader is probably better acquainted, especially if he has enjoyed the splendid historical romance of Kenilworth, from the talismanic pen of Sir Walter Scott. It represents an assemblage of monumental stones on the field of Ashdown; the principal of which are called by the country-people Wayland Smith's Cave.† The scene will, doubtless, be recollected as the arena of some of the most picturesque incidents of Sir Walter's romance.

The person of greatest note slain at the battle of Ashdown was one of the Danish Kings; but Dr. Wise is "at a loss for this king's true name." He says, "I shall leave the name to shift for itself; and proceed to the place of his burial, which, I think, I have discovered upon the field of battle, distinguished by a parcel of stones set on edge, and enclosing a piece of ground, raised a few feet above the common level, which was the custom of the Danes and other northern nations:" and Wormius, a learned Danish writer, tells us that if any Danish chief was slain in a foreign country, they took care to bury him as pompously as if he had died in his own. Aubrey mentions these stones, "which though very confined, must yet be laid there on purpose. Some of them are

\* Dr. Wise's pamphlet, 4to.

† An Engraving of the Cave, from a drawing by a Correspondent, in 1826, will be found at page 33 of vol. viii. of *The Mirror*. The interval of nearly 90 years between the dates of the representations may explain the growth of wood about the principal monument.



(Wayland Smith's Cave.)

placed edge-wise, but the rest are so disorderly, that one would imagine they were tumbled out of a cart ; which is explained by the people having thrown down some of the stones, and broken them to pieces to mend their highways. " Those that are left," says Dr. Wise, " enclose a piece of ground of an irregular figure at present, but which might formerly have been an oblong square, extending duly north and south."

" On the eastern side of the southern extremity stand three squarish, flat stones of about four or five feet over each way, set on edge, and supporting a fourth of much larger dimensions, lying flat upon them. These altogether form a cavern or sheltering place, resembling pretty exactly those described by Wormius, and others, except in the dimensions ; for, whereas this may shelter only ten or a dozen sheep from a storm, Wormius mentions one in Denmark, that would shelter a hundred." Dr. Wise is not aware of the existence of any other monument of this sort in England ; but in Wales and the Isle of Anglesea, there are several, not unlike it, called by the natives, Cromlechs, from the Hebrew Cherem-luach, i. e. the devoted, or altar-stone.\* The Danish antiquaries likewise agree to call them altars, as well as the tombs bearing the names of the persons buried under them. In Denmark, three of these altars are commonly found together, designed, as is supposed, for the service of their three chief deities, Thor, Woden, and Frea ; but Wormius lays it down as a rule, that where we meet with a single one, (as at Ashdown,) we are to look upon it, as a sepulchral altar, where sacrifices were to be annually performed in honour of the dead. It should be added, that there seem to have been two approaches to the present altar, through rows of large stones set on edge, one from the south, the other from the west ; the latter leading directly into the cavern.

\* See Engraving of a remarkable Cromlech, at Plas Newydd, Anglesea, at p. 121., vol. xii. of *The Mirror*, and origins of the word at that page, and at pages 327 and 338 of the same volume.

All the accounts which Dr. Wise could collect from the country-people respecting these relics is—" At this place lived formerly an invisible smith ; and, if a traveller's horse had lost a shoe upon the road, he had no more to do than to bring the horse to this place, with a piece of money, and leaving both there for some little time, he might come again and find the money gone, but the horse new shod." The Doctor then observes, " the stones standing upon the Rudge-way, as it is called, (which was the situation that they chose for burial-monuments,) I suppose, gave occasion to the whole being called *Wayland Smith*, which is the name it was always known by to the country-people." How pleasantly this strange tradition is introduced in the romance of Kenilworth must be in the memory of every reader of Sir Walter Scott's works.

Dr. Wise leaves the story to the lovers of the fancies of fiction, and concludes with this matter-of-fact remark : " these stones are, according to the best Danish antiquaries, a burial-altar ; their being raised in the midst of a plain field, near the great road, seems to indicate some person there slain and buried ; and this person was probably a chief, or king ; there being no monument of this sort near that place, perhaps not in England beside. If it be allowed me likewise, that King Ethelred lay encamped at Hardwell, this will afford another argument for its being raised for the king slain, whose troops were opposed to King Ethelred's division, as those of the Counts were to Alfred's ; for the stones are about half a mile from Hardwell Camp."—About a mile from " Wayland Smith," and nearer to Alfred's Castle, a succession of barrows have been traced, which Dr. Wise concludes to denote the burial-places of certain of the Danish Counts.

The relic to be noticed is Whiteleaf Cross, in Buckinghamshire, so called from the hamlet of Whiteleaf, at its base, in the parish of Monks-Risborough. It is of a similar description to the White Horse ; being cut on

W. J. Hoy. 777-206.  
16. VIII - 33.

a high and steep chalky hill, facing the south-west. The perpendicular line of the Cross is nearly 100 feet in length, and about 50 in breadth at the bottom, but decreasing upwards to nearly 20 feet. The transverse line is about 70 feet in length, and 12 in breadth, and the trench cut into the chalk is from 2 to 3 feet deep. Dr. Wise thinks this Cross is visible from a greater distance than the White Horse, and that it is discernible for 30 miles. It may be seen from the White Horse, which he computes at that distance.

The Cross, like the Horse, is *scoured* up with a festival; and in Dr. Wise's time, the common people preserved some imperfect traditions of contributions raised on this occasion, and even from some of the colleges in Oxford; though, the Doctor observes, "if any estates have been formerly charged with the expense, time has long since made void the obligation; and the scouring is performed at the expense of the neighbourhood, but never without a merry-making." "From this similitude of fabric and custom, I think we may reasonably conclude, that both the Horse and the Cross are the work of the same age," if not of the same hands and times. Both are emblems of triumph: "the Horse denotes a victory gained by the Saxons over some other people; as the Cross some action in which the Christians prevailed over the Pagans; and since history began, if we except the Saxons themselves, we shall find none of the latter in this island besides the Danes." Again, "whatever may be the fate of the Horse, it is undeniable that the Cross was both an omen and a customary emblem of victory, as appears from the coins and other monuments of Christian emperors and

kings down from the time of Constantine the Great."

We gather from Dr. Wise's arguments, that when the White Horse ceased to be the Saxon standard, the Cross was adopted in its place. This change he ascribes to Alfred; and that king's singular piety and superstitious regard for relics encourage the probability that he should lay aside the old Pagan device, or White Horse, and assume that of the Cross; while there is unquestionable authority for believing the Cross to have been Alfred's arms,\* and that it did not belong to any of his predecessors. Under Alfred, too, who was the restorer of the Saxon valour by land, and the founder of the nation's power by sea, Dr. Wise supposes "the Cross became the badge of the fleet as well as of the army; and is still preserved in the cognizance of the royal navy."

History does not, however, clearly bear out the Whiteleaf Cross to have been the work of Alfred himself; but Dr. Wise, with great show of reason, attributes it to Alfred's son and successor, Edward the Elder, in memory of a victory gained on or near the spot: for, to this day, about a mile or two from the Cross, is the village of Bledelaw, or Bledelow, implying the Bloody Hill; and this, our indefatigable antiquarian considers to have been the field of a sanguinary battle, in the year 905.

\* See a MS. Roll in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, signed by Sir Gilbert Dethyck, Garter, and the other Kings of Arms, which gives him a Cross Fitchée. And, in a MS. of Mr. Bryan Twyne's, in the University Archives, is this note: "King Alfred's Arms sent unto me out of Ireland, by Mr. Usher. He beareth Azure, a Cross Pâcée Or."



(Whiteleaf Cross.)

### New Books.

#### SLADE'S TRAVELS.

#### Enormous Turkish Cannons.

There were on the middle deck four guns carrying granite balls of seventy-five pounds; and on the lower deck, four others with one hundred and ten pound granite balls. Iron balls of similar size would have weighed upwards of three hundred pounds. A party of Comboradgis was embarked to serve these enormous pieces, or rather to look at them, as I shall show. Wishing to see one of them

fired, I came down on the lower deck for that purpose, which created instant commotion among the smokers and sleepers. Every man jumped on his legs. "What is the matter?" I said; but, getting no answer, passed on. Having ascertained that the piece was properly charged, I was retiring, to allow a Comboradgi to fire it, whilst I should observe the effect from the foremost port. No Comboradgi was there, nor indeed any one else within twelve yards; "Mashallah," some voices shouted to my inquiry, "that gun has never been fired."—"Is that a reason why it should not be fired now?" I asked. "It is

very old," was the reply, "and will burst." It was certainly antiquated, and this warning made it appear infinitely worse than it really was. But I was in for it. "Will no one fire it?" I asked; "then I will," brandishing the match in a mortal fright, (cowardice is so infectious.) "Delhi, delhi, Allah kerim! bakalum!" Away the rascals ran, holding their breeches up with one hand, their pipes with the other, up the ladders, and left me alone on the deck with the topchi bashi, who did not quite desert me, but remained on the opposite side peeping at me from behind the pumps. His head only was visible, and that, too, I dare say, he drew in when I touched the priming—but this he would not confess. I dropped the match, and hastily ran forward to escape the dreaded explosion. Our fear was unfounded. The ball broke in three or four pieces, and flew along a shower of grape, of which two of the pieces *recochéd*. We tried another with a reduced charge, and had the satisfaction of seeing the ball fly, whole, fully as far. The second time I had no occasion to fire the gun.

[*Chess*, as played on board the pasha's vessel, is thus referred to:—]

The men frequently amused themselves at drafts or chess: at the latter game they displayed considerable skill, making a temporary board with chalk lines, and taking bits of wood or pebbles for the pieces, were enabled to remember throughout the game their separate names.

*The reception of the British Embassy by the Sultan.*

The sultan received the embassy with great simplicity; his selectar and his serkiatib were the only individuals present. In person he was equally divested of sultanic pomp. Instead of robes of golden tissue, and a cashmere turban concealed by precious stones, he wore a plain blue military cloak and trousers, with no other ornaments than a diamond chelengk in his fuz, and steel spurs on his Wellington boots. The dragoman translated the ambassador's speech, after it had been spoken in English, and the sultan replied in person, expressing satisfaction at the judicious and sensible choice of a representative made by the English king. I think it was Mr. Adair who, on a similar occasion, having forgotten his speech, repeated the Lord's Prayer. The gift of etiquette, most important of his credentials, since without it he would not have been welcome, presented at the same time by Sir R. Gordon, consisted of diamonds worth about three thousand pounds. The sultan then desired that the captain of the English frigate might be pointed out to him. He said nothing, but sent an aid-de-camp to him in the course of the day to know if he were sensible of the honour conferred on him by his having deigned to cast eyes on him. He was

in high spirits, and remained talking with his favourites, after the ceremony was over, apparently to let us admire him. One of our party, however, who was short-sighted, forgetting the decorum due to the presence, soon brought a change over his countenance by eying him through a glass as though he had been a *lion* every way; observing which the sultan rose, and retired in a huff, leaning on his favourites, to whom he had remarked, in the course of the interview, as a matter of great consequence as well as surprise, that the officiating dragoman of the embassy still wore his moustaches drooping à la Janizaire. This little observation was remarkable, as showing his abhorrence of that race, carried to such a degree that he could not endure the slightest point of coincidence with them: in consequence of which, long moustaches were entirely out of favour at Constantinople, and many courtiers found it prudent to sacrifice a cherished curl, the growth of years.

*A fire in the suburbs of Constantinople.*

While our political horizon was clouded, our natural one was enlivened by a conflagration of Galata. It was a splendid sight. When I approached it on the water before daylight all was blazing, pre-eminently the wooden summit of the great tower, illuminating vast sheets of water on either side, and throwing broad fulgence on Stamboul. The tall white minarets, with their wooden spires in flames, resembled so many lighted wax tapers of Brobdignag. During many hours it burned, and for days after smoked a heap of cinders—a scene of wretchedness—in which groups of women with their children were seen squatting among the ruins, bewailing their lot, or raking up the ashes for valuables, or cooking a few victuals over the smoke. Yet, so accustomed are these people to such accidents, that ere a fortnight new streets were rising, and the old ones in progress of being forgotten. It is curious to walk about a burning Turkish town, and observe the perfect indifference of the men. I have seen them remain smoking on the floor till the flames actually turned them out, then gather up the skirts of their pelisses, and quietly walk away, as coolly as though leaving their house for an hour's stroll before supper. It is an extraordinary fact, that in those great fires people are rarely killed, or even hurt.

It has been the fashion to attribute the fires to the malice of the Janizaries. It is true, that when they wanted to gain an object, as the head of a vizir, or other trifle, they resorted to this measure; but it is an error to suppose that they always caused this mischief, unsupported by the common argument that the duration of a fire was proof that they prevented the people from extinguishing it. It is in vain to attempt to put out a wooden

house in flames. The only remedy is by removing down the wind, and making a large cut in the street by razing three or four houses; but the proprietors of such devoted houses (as I have witnessed) naturally oppose this salutary measure, in the hope that the flames will not reach so far, and never yield unless to force. If force be not employed, the flames continue until arrested by a mosque, or other stone edifice. It is not surprising that a wooden town often takes fire. In the winter of 1829-30, were seven great fires at Constantinople.

THE GEORGIAN ERA.

*Lord Brougham.\**

THE character of this great man is acknowledged in all parts of the civilized world, as an ornament not only to his own country, but to the age in which he flourishes. Gifted in an extraordinary degree, with mental energy and acumen, which experience has taught him even to improve, as well as to apply, he stands forth amid his political contemporaries, a sun, by which, his followers are dazzled and his opponents confounded. The senate is his grand arena; he is there without a rival, although his eloquence is distinguished neither by imagination, nor even the common graces of rhetoric. Nevertheless, his forcible mode of reasoning, his overwhelming vehemence, his impressive and earnest manner of delivery, and his tremendous powers of sarcasm, gain him a degree of attention in the house which is accorded to no other member, and render him a fearful antagonist.

Indeed, either in or out of parliament, his powers of invective were, perhaps, never equalled, and wherever directed, have been most bitterly felt; of which the most remarkable instance on record, is the attack he made on Mr. Canning, in 1823. Upon that occasion, says the author of *Attic Fragments*, "he careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed to the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the house. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose; when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and argument; and, when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effects might be more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glanced and pointed his finger to make the aim and direction sure."

\* It will be perceived that the above was written upwards of two years since.—ED. M.

There are, however, many faults in the oratory of Mr. Brougham. Labour is always visible in his efforts; his sentences are involved and tedious; his delivery, though forcible, is never rapid or impassioned; and his voice, agreeable at first, becomes unmusical when exerted. He has no persuasion, and is apt to be rude and personal; by which he often loses his senatorial dignity, and shows that he is better qualified to discuss questions than to deal with his fellow men. "To paint," says a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "the hideous wrong of tyranny and oppression—to exalt the glory of resisting them—to scourge meanness and cruelty—to overwhelm ignorance and presumption with sarcastic scorn, were tasks perfectly congenial to Mr. Brougham's powers. But the softness of pity—the subduing power of gentleness and goodness—the fervency of affection, and the tenderness of love, either found no sympathy with him, or were not thought fit to be made use of in the exercise of his art:—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

he seemed to desire to be borne along by the torrent of his indignation, and never stopped for a moment to watch by the fountain of human tears."

As an advocate, the subject of our memoir was less distinguished by his legal knowledge than by his skill in the examination of a witness and his subtlety in addressing a jury. He is, however, not among those who condescend to cajole a jury out of a verdict; on the contrary, his speech is rather the lecture of one in authority, than of him who seeks to persuade or allure. But though somewhat dictatorial in his arguments, he enforces them with such conscientious confidence, that the casual listener feels as much mortification as surprise, when he hears the efforts of so splendid an advocate nullified, in one word, by the judge on the bench, from whose mouth the letter of the law drops, like a dead, but destructive weight, on a fabric that, to all but the unimpassioned lawyer, seemed beyond the power of human ingenuity to shake. He usually commences his addresses in a subdued tone, gradually increasing in vehemence as he proceeds, till at last he has been known to arrive at a paroxysm of actual fury, in which he deals out some of those tremendous philippics, that have made him second only to Cicero in that branch of oratory.

As a writer, Mr. Brougham has evinced powers equally transcendent and versatile; he wrote his *Colonial Policy* in his twenty-third year; has shown his knowledge of natural philosophy, by several communications to *Nicholson's Journal*; and of ethics and literature, by his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. "In this periodical," says a writer in the *Kaleidoscope*, "his papers were known

by their rough vigour; by the unmusical labour of his periods; and his constant effort to dip his ploughshare below the surface and turn a deep furrow." His ubiquity of mind is as remarkable as the ease with which he adapts it to particular occasions; he can make an oration in praise of Greek at Glasgow, and in praise of trade at Liverpool; has been known to retire at night, after a stormy election contest in the day, to write an elaborate article for the Edinburgh Review; and once, during the busiest period of a circuit, composed, whilst surrounded by his briefs, a treatise on sheep shearing, for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In private life, he is highly respected, and sets an example of industry and activity to all within the sphere of his influence. He rises early and retires late, subdividing his time systematically, and devoting it to the various business he has to perform with scrupulous regularity. He once requested a gentleman, who wanted to see him on private business, to call on him at Hill Street, any morning between six and eight. "In the circle of society," says the writer in the National Portrait Gallery, "in which Mr. Brougham has moved and moves, his good humour, his playfulness, his many accomplishments, and his general acquaintance with all subjects, from the mere topic of the hour to the most profound investigation, have ever made him an especial ornament and favourite. In these periods of relaxation, the same versatility and strength of mind, disciplined by constant practice, which shine so brightly on public affairs, embellish and delight the narrower scene; the same readiness and acuteness which have enabled him to surmount all the complications of a court of law, render him, in a modified form, the idol of the dinner party or drawing-room company. In conversation, he is jocular and witty; and many of his bon-mots are repeated, to enliven other meetings than those in which they first raised the laugh of mirth and pleasantry. In what our neighbours, the French, esteem so much, the saying of clever things, and the uttering of pointed expressions which remain upon the memory, Mr. Brougham would bear away the palm of excellence, even in Paris; and were it worthy of our theme, or consistent with our limits, we might entertain the reader through many a page, with the *jeu d'esprit*, repeated from mouth to mouth, as the sallies of Mr. Brougham in his "hours of ease, or more playful contests of superiority." In his profession, also, he would sometimes condescend to make a pun. His opinion being, one day, required, whether an action would lie, "yes," he replied, "if the witnesses will lie too." It may finally be remarked of Mr. Brougham, that, even at this moment, he holds a conspicuous place, both in history and biography, which has al-

ready been awarded to him in more than one European work of celebrity. In the Encyclopédie Americana, he is spoken of as "a public benefactor," whose life, his biographer hopes, "will long be spared to his country;" and the writer of his life in the Biographie des Contemporains thus concludes:—"Versé dans les sciences physiques, profondément instruit dans le droit de son pays, habile dans le science de l'économie politique, Brougham est l'un des orateurs les plus distingués du siècle."

[The Frontispiece of the present volume is an exquisitely engraved Medallion portrait of George the Second.]

### The Naturalist.

#### FOSSIL, OR PETRIFIED WOOD.

THE changes which organic bodies undergo, either upon or beneath the earth's surface, would form one of the most curious chapters in the broad volume of nature. Yet they are but parts of the whole system of change, which is her characteristic course: for "Change," in the language of a quaint old writer, "is the great lord of the universe, and Time is the agent which brings all things under his dominion."

Among these changes, the process of petrifaction is not the least interesting. It may be explained as follows. A vegetable substance is buried in the earth, and decomposition soon commences; and while the process is going on gradually and obviously, the substance is sometimes likewise surrounded and pressed on by a stony juice. As each vegetable particle dissolves and disappears, a stony particle replaces it. Thus, particle after particle, the stony substance gradually occupies the spaces left vacant by the progressive decay of the vegetable parts; and, by being moulded in these cavities, it copies, feature for feature, the texture of the organic body. This is the way in which it is usual to explain the formation of *petrified wood*, an imitation of the real wood so complete, that upon cutting it transversely, we distinguish the appearance of the concentric rings, which, in the living tree, arise from its annual growth. Sometimes it is even in a state from which we can ascertain by the lineaments of the texture the species to which the tree belonged. Yet, it is but within a comparatively short period, that the causes of these changes have been understood; and Tournefort, the celebrated botanist, (who died at the commencement of the last century,) from the regularity of form in many fossil or petrified remains, was induced to believe that they were stones that grew and vegetated from seeds.

The Cuts represent two specimens of Fossil Wood from the coal district, in the vicinity

of Newcastle, New South Wales. They belong to the Coniferae, or fir-tribe. The first specimen, Fig. 1, was found at the bottom of the cliff, about three miles south from Newcastle.



(Transverse section of a small portion of a petrified conifera, in which the natural structure is nearly as perfect as in any living tree of the pine or fir tribe. At *a* there is a rent filled with calcedony, showing a dislocation in some of the rows of pores. *b* is the outer, and *c* the inner edge of the annual layer *d*.)

There are several small rents in it, but these seldom extend through more than one of the annual layers or rings, and they are filled with white calcedony. The cut exhibits a portion of one of the rents or calcedonic veins.

Fig. 2 is a magnified representation of a portion of a specimen, in some few parts of



(Transverse section of another specimen of petrified conifer, in which the reticulated structure, though variously twisted from its natural position, is perceptible throughout the greatest part of the whole. At *c* the reticulated structure is quite obliterated, the medullary rays alone being preserved.)

which the medullary rays and concentric partitions preserve nearly their natural positions: but in the greater part of the whole, the medullary rays are bent into irregular curves. The uppermost layer has these rays bent into a zig-zag form; but it will be observed that however much they are contorted, they may be traced individually into the most perfect parts. This is a curious, interesting specimen from the vicinity of the Lake Macquarie, about twelve miles from Paramatta.

Mr. William Nicol, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy, who has communicated these facts to Professor Jameson, concludes with the following remark, which must be interesting to those engaged in geological inquiries: "In the coal formation of New South Wales, as well as in the older and newer deposits of that mineral in this island, coniferous fossils are the only remains of ligneous bodies, retaining an organized structure, that have hitherto come under my observation. Various speculations might be indulged as to the cause of this prevalence of Coniferae in coal deposits."

#### CURIOS VISH, &c. IN JAMAICA.

In Port Royal harbour there are three long and slender fishes, that are seen in great numbers on the surface of the water, and may be ranked among the peculiarities of this place. They are known by the following names; the guardo or guard-fish (*Gar fish, Esox major*); the jack\* (*sword-fish, Trichiurus Lepturus*); and the ballahou (*piper, Esox minor*). The jack is the largest, and appears to be at eternal war with the two others, for which purpose it is armed with rows of sharp teeth, very formidable to its adversaries; it barks on the surface of the water during the heat of the day, in a sort of indolent, unguarded state; but this is merely an assumed position, the better to ensnare its enemies, and to be ready to catch the floating bodies that may happen to pass near it; for the moment anything is thrown into the sea from a ship, it darts with the rapidity of lightning upon it, and seizing it, as quickly retreats. This warrior fish is particularly possessed of a foresight or instinctive quality, which we sometimes see exemplified in different animals, amounting almost to second reason; I mean the sagacity which it displays in avoiding the hook when baited; although voracious in the extreme, it seems aware of the lure held out for its destruction, and avoids it with as much care as the generality of fishes show eagerness to devour it. The situation it takes, immediately in the wake of the ships at anchor, gives another instance of its sagacity; as whatever is thrown overboard passes astern, where he is ever on

\* There are two fishes so called at Port Royal: the tail of the sword-fish tapers to a point in which it differs from the other jack.

the alert to glean from the miscellaneous articles such as is suited to his taste, and guards his treasured supply with the jealousy of a miser. No other fish of equal size dare approach; and they have obtained the popular name of *Jack* from the sailors, probably because those eccentric mortals would associate with the sobriquet fancy has bestowed upon themselves, the funny warrior of their own element. The jack is, however, sometimes enticed, no doubt, when hunger presses him, to swallow the treacherous bait; but this is rare, and he is more frequently struck with a barbed lance, or entrapped in a net. The guardo has similar habits with the jack, but yields the palm of victory to its stronger and more courageous opponent; and yet it tyrannizes with unrelenting vigour over the more delicate and less warlike associate, the ballahou. But whilst the various productions of nature in this clime—fertile to infinitude—have always claimed my attention, and been a source of interest and unfeigned delight to my mind, I have never ceased to regret my inability to take that philosophic view of their structures, qualities, and habits, so as to afford me a closer and more intimate acquaintance with them. The reader, however, who takes pleasure in these matters, will have nothing to regret, as minute scientific descriptions are to be found in books written for the express purpose.

The most extraordinary animal I have seen in this harbour is the sea-devil (*Lophius maximus*), which frequently weighs 3,000 lbs. No doubt it has obtained its name from its hideous appearance, so uncouth and strange, indeed, as to baffle all description. The water of the harbour is at times covered with the medusa, sea-blubber, and sea-nettle, as they are variously termed; some of these attain a great size, and have the appearance of animated pieces of jelly, the body being of an orbiculated convex figure; of a gelatinous substance, semi-transparent, and provided with fringy pliæ tinged with a purple colour. These singular animals are very lively in the water, although their locomotion is heavy; and, from their numbers and constant movements, give an air of unusual animation to the waters of the harbour. They appear to derive their motion and to alter their situation by alternately expanding and contracting the tentaculae and pliæ.

Thousands of those beautiful little marine animals, called by sailors "Portuguese men-of-war, (*Holothuria physalis*, or *Aretusa* of Brown,) are met with off Port Royal harbour studding the sea as far as the eye can trace them. The colour is a clear pink, in some parts bordering on lilac, but, from their motion in the water, the shades of the internal membranes often assume a darker purple. This little creature possesses, like the orbicular tribe of zoophytes, the power of deaden-

ing the flesh of persons who handle it; but it is very slight and gives no pain, a numbing sensation only being felt; and I believe either common salt or lime-juice applied to the part affected will entirely remove it. This little transparent bladder (which is said to be very like in shape to the human stomach) is so delicate and tender that it soon fades and dies away, when handled or cast upon the shore; it is, like the nautilus, provided with many tentaculae, some of which are very small. I have been often amused at observing their movements, like a Lilliputian fleet, amidst the agitation of the waves: when the wind has freshened, I have remarked that they lay flat on the surface, and rise again when the gust has passed; but I know not whether this be voluntary or occasioned by the pressure of the wind.

That tiger of the ocean, the shark, is often seen cruising about the harbour; but I do not recollect any person having been injured or devoured by that animal here during the period I was on the station. At Kingston, however, such distressing events often occurred. Several years ago there was a well-known fish of this kind, considered in the light of a pet in Port Royal harbour; it was called "Old Tom of Port Royal," and was fed whenever it approached any of the ships, but was at last killed by the father of a child which it devoured. I was told that, whilst it remained here, no other of the squalus tribe dare venture on his domain; he reigned lord paramount in his watery empire; and had never committed any depredation but the one for which he suffered.—*United Service Journal*.

### The Public Journals.

#### THE HARP OF SALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem !  
Thou wert of earth the fairest gem ;  
But who, alas ! shall strive to tell  
Thy starry splendours, ere they fell ?  
Who shall recall thy prophets' strain ?  
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again !

Deserted Queen of Palestine !  
What peerless beauty once was thine,  
Ere on thy stately turrets came  
The wrath of the avenger's flame ?  
Thy diadem was placed upon  
The palm-crown'd top of Lebanon,  
And Carmel, with her groves of bloom,  
Around thy borders shed perfume.  
All desolate and faded now  
The dazzling lustre of thy brow ;  
Dimmed is the brilliance of thine eyes.—  
Is there no gifted voice to rise  
And bid the soul of rapture ahd  
A living halo round the dead ?  
Who shall recall thine ancient strain ?  
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again ?

Deserted city of the Lord,  
That hearest the echo of His word !  
To slay the victim at the shrine  
Of the Invisible was thine,  
And spread the pomp of sacrifice  
Before the Ruler of the skies ;

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But now the harp is all unstrang.—  
The censer on the earth is dung.—  
And silent now as Chilminaar\*  
The prophets' raptured voices are  
Who shall recall their parted strain?  
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

Deserted pride of Israel.  
How beauteous ere thy glories fall!  
But they are furrow'd with a trace  
Which dewy time may not efface.  
Look to yon mountain—is it thine,  
Ill-fated Queen of Palestine?  
Look up, and blight thine azure eye,—  
That mountain-ridge is Calvary!  
Look up—then hang thy heavy head  
Upon the spot where blood was shed,  
And say if Salem's harp may deign  
To chant thy glories o'er again!

Away, away! thy claim hath fled,  
Its strain is all unmerited;  
But, oh, if justice may not bring  
One tone from thy enchanted string:  
Yet, Harp of Salem, deign to wake  
Thy choral voice, for pity's sake.  
Thou wert not silent when the words  
Of inspiration touched thy chords;  
There is no inspiration nigh  
To wake thee into ecstasy;  
Yet, to the last and pitying cries  
Of dying nature, deign to rise.  
Time was when o'er Judea's land  
The mountain smiled at thy command,  
And sullen Jordan paused to hear  
Thy plaintive spirit murmuring near.  
Awake, as in that early hour  
When nature owned thy siren power,  
And shed upon the world again  
One echo of thine ancient strain!

*A Modern Pythagorean.*—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### WHO WILL FIGHT?

(From *Tom Cridge's Log*, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)  
PEGTOP, Mr. Bang's black valet, came up to me.

"Please, Massa Captain, can you spare me any muskets?"

"Any muskets?" said I; "why, half a dozen if you choose."

"De very number my massa told me to hax for. Tank you, Massa Captain." And forthwith he and the other two black servants in attendance on Wagtail and Gelid, each seized his two muskets out of the arm-chest, with the corresponding ammunition, and, like so many sable Robin Crusoes, were stumping aft, when I again accosted the aforesaid Pegtop.

"I say, my man, now since you have got the muskets, does your master *really* intend to fight?" The negro stopped short, and faced right round, his countenance expressing very great surprise and wonderment. "Massa Bang fight? Massa Aaron Bang fight?" and he looked up in my face with the most serio-comic expression that could be imagined. "Ah, massa," continued the poor fellow,—"you is joking—surely you is joking—my massa Aaron Bang fight? Oh massa, surely you can't know he—surely you never see him shoot snipe, and wild-duck—oh dear, why him kill wild-duck on de wing

\* Persepolis.

—ah, me often see him knock down teal wid single ball, one hundred—ah, one hundred and fifty yards—and man surely more big mark den teal?"

"Granted," I said; "but a teal has not a loaded musket in its claws, as a Spanish buccaneer may have—a small difference, Master Pegtop, in that?"

"None at all, master," chimed in Pegtop very energetically—"I myahef, Gabriel Pegtop, Christian man as me is, am one of de Falmouth black shot. Ah, I have been in de woods, wid Massa Aaron—one time particular, when dem very debils, Sambo Moses, Corromantee Tom, and Ebœ Peter, took to de bush, at Crabway estate—after breakfast—ten black shot—me was one—go out along wid our good massa, Massa Aaron. Oh, Lord, we walk troo de cool wood, and over de hot cleared ground, six hour, when every body say,—'No use dis, Massa Bang—all we tired too much—must stop here—kindle fire—cook wittal.' 'Ah, top dem who hab white liver,' said Massa Aaron; 'you, Pegtop, take you fusee and cutlass, and follow me, my shid'—Massa Aaron alway call me him *shild*, and troo enough, as parson Calaloo say, him family very much like Joseph coat—many colour mong dem, Massa—though none quite so *deep* as mine eider"—and here the negro grinned at his own jest. "Well, I was follow him, or rader was go before him, opening up de pass wid me cutlass, troo de very tangle underwood. We walk four hour—see no one—all still and quiet—no breeze shake de tree—oh, I sweat too much—dem hot, Massa—sun shine right down, when we could catch glimpse of him—yet no trace of de runaways. At length, on turning corner, perched on small platform of rock, overshadowed by plumes of bamboos, like ostrich feather lady wear at de ball, who shall we see but dem very dividual dem rascail I was mention, standing all tree, each wid one carbine pointed at us, at him shoulder, and cutlass at him side? 'Pegtop, my boy,' said Massa Aaron, 'we is in for it—follow me, but don't fire.' So him pick off Sambo Moses—oh! cool as one cucumber. 'Now,' say he, 'man to man,'—and wid dat him tro him gun on de ground, and drawing him cutlass, we push up—in one moment him and Corromantee Tom close. Tom put up him hand to fend him head—whip—ah—massa cutlass shred de hand at de wrist, like one carrot—down Tom go—atop of him jump Massa Aaron. I master de leetle one, Ebœ Peter, and we carry dem both prisoners into Falmouth.—Massa Aaron fight? Ah, Massa, no hax dat question again."

"Well, but will Mr. Gelid fight?" said I.

"I tink him will too—great friend of Massa Bang—good duck-shot too—oh yes, tink Massa Paul will fight."

"Why," said I, "your friends are all he-

roes, Pegtop—will Mr. Wagtail fight also?" He stole close up to me, and exchanged his smart Creole gibberish for a quiet sedate accent, as he whispered—

" Not so sure of he—nice little fat man, but too fond of him belly. When I wait behind Massa Aaron chair, Pegtop sometime hear funny ting. One gentleman say—' Ah ! dat month we hear Lord Wellington take Saint Sebastian—when dat is, what time we hear dat news, Massa Wagtail ? ' him say.—' Eh,' say Massa Wagtail—' oh, we hear of dem news, dat very day de first of de ringtail pigeon come to market.' Den again, ' Dat big fight dem had at soch another place, when we hear of dat, Massa Wagtail ? '—say somebody else. ' Oh, oh, de very day we hab dat beautiful grouper wid claret sauce at Massa Whiffle's. Oh, make me laugh to hear white gentleman mark great fight in him memory by what him eat de day de news come ; so Massa Captain Cingle, me no quite sure weder massa Wagtail will fight or no.'"

### The Gatherer.

*Whitehall.*—Sir Robert Smirke tells us that Whitehall, built according to the intentions of its Royal founder, and the plan of Inigo Jones, would have occupied twenty-four acres. It was to have extended 874 feet along the side of the Thames, and the same length along the foot of St. James's Park, presenting one front to Charing Cross, of 1,200 feet long, and another, the principal, of similar dimensions, towards Westminster Abbey.—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

*What are Coals ?*—Among the results of geological changes, those of vegetable bodies, or remains termed fossil, (from *fossus*, Lat. dug out of the earth,) are not the least interesting. Thus, coals are fossils produced from forests which have been overwhelmed by the earth, and subjected to certain influences, which philosophy has hitherto been perplexed in satisfactorily defining. That wood may be converted into coal is acknowledged, yet men do not so well agree in their explanation of the process by which this change is effected. Any person who has not considered the subject, will probably ask what resemblance does coal bear to wood : a ready answer to which may be given in the concise definition of Dr. Ure : " Coal is in fact to vegetable matter what adipocite is to animal matter ; a complete chemical change, in which the fibrous structure disappears."

*A Tight Shoe.*—The wearer walked in the shoe as if he would walk on egg-shells without crushing them ; his soul was in his foot, all his sensibilities seemed bundled up and crushed in calf-skin, his eyes were ready to weep for his toes, his blood rose against the maker, he cursed the last in his bitterness of

spirit, and resolved it should be no last, no final measure for him.—*Examiner.*

*Crabbe's Poetry.*—What has exploded Crabbe's poetry, in spite of its fidelity and beauty, but that it makes us conversant with those objects of our dislike—with peasants and paupers, with mendicants and mechanics.—*Monthly Magazine.*—(Too true.)

*Interesting Announcement.*—In a provincial print we find " Rye still keeps up, though daily in danger of a decline : but Barley remains in a most languid state ! " Poor Barley ! —very unkind of Rye ! —*Monthly Magazine.*

*Mathews.*—Sir Walter Scott once observed to Lord Byron, that Mathews's imitations were of the *mind* to those who had the key ; but, as the majority had it not, they were contented with admiring those of the person, and pronounced him a mimic who ought to be considered an accurate and philosophic observer of human nature, blessed with the rare talent of intuitively identifying himself with the minds of others. His imitation of Curran can hardly be so called—it is a *continuation*, and is inimitable.

*The Zoological Gardens.*—Workmen are now engaged in inclosing and fencing a part of the land lately added to these gardens on the east side, and we understand a bank is to be formed and planted for the purpose of sheltering the grounds, as much as possible, from the east wind. From the Report read at the last monthly meeting, it would appear that the council do not contemplate the erection of any buildings on the newly enclosed land at present, but intend forming two large ponds or reservoirs, one of which is to be appropriated to the use of those beautiful birds the mandarin ducks ; and the other for the rest of the aquatic birds.—*Zoological Magazine.*

*Literature and Art.*—According to the supplement to " Bent's Literary Advertiser," which contains a list of the new books and principal engravings published in London during the year 1832 ; it appears that the number of books is about 1,180, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets or periodicals, being eighty more than in the year 1831. The number of engravings is 99 (including forty portraits), fifteen of which are engraved in the line manner, fifty-seven in mezzotint, seven in chalk, nine aquatint, and eleven in lithography. The number of engravings published in 1831 was ninety-two (including fifty portraits), viz. eighteen in line, fifty mezzotint, ten chalk, five lithograph, six aquatint, and three etchings.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London ; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris ; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt ; and by all News-men and Booksellers.